Indianapolis Woman of Talent

Mrs. Sue McWilliams Has Written Much Music That Has Become Popular @ @ @ @ @ @ D @ Life Story of Interest

roundings in the Alexandria in the growing twilight, it was a benedicapartment house in this city. Her clever- tion. ness has been more especially in the line of music and she has written some hymns and ballads that have beeen sung far and her husband Mrs. McWilliams began comwide. Years ago Bayard Taylor wrote a poem and called it "The River of Time." Years later he was startled in listening to was doing and after reading one of the a concert one night to recognize his poem set to sweet music. The singer was Clara Louise Kellogg and to her Mr. Taylor went to find out who was the author of the eloquent notes he had just heard. He learned who she was and wrote her a note thanking her for the pleasure her music had given. The woman retains the note to this day as one of her keepsakes. She is Mrs. Sue McWilliams, widow of the late George W. McWilliams, who at the time of his death at Covington, Ind., in 1879, was one of the brightest and abjest lawyers in this State. Three years before his death Mr. McWilliams made the race for Congress against the Hon. M. D. White, of Crawfordsville, who defeated him for the office.

the contest was close. WROTE MUSIC AT AGE OF TEN. When ten years of age Mrs. McWilliams wrote her first music, setting to music the beautiful words of Mrs. Charles Dana's poem, "Pass Under the Rod." Mrs. Mc-Williams wrote the song in a hotel in Hamilton, O., where she was visiting relatives at the time. She is an old woman now and time has put the silvery touches to her hair. Her voice, though, has not lost its sweetness nor its strength.

There had whispered a voice, 'Twas the voice of her God; I love thee, I love thee, Pass under the rod,"

is the way one of the stanzas closes and it was this one that attracted the attention of the girl of ten when she sat in the parlor of the Hamilton hotel more than fifty years ago and read Mrs. Dana's poem. It is said the John Church Company realized in the neighborhood of \$30,000 out of this hymn. One of Mrs. McWilliams's songs which she is particularly fond of singing, and which made a reputation for itself, is entitled "Two." and it has a history. Mrs. McWilliams wrote the music under rather unusual circumstances. The words are by Frank M. Seaman, who lived at Crawfordsville at the time Mrs. McWilliams resided there. Seaman was an unusually talented young fellow of a remarkably happy disposition. There came a time in his career, however, when gloom entered his soul. An unhappy love affair in Crawfordsville threw him into a state of melancholy and one evening he presented himself at Mrs. McWilliams's home with some stanzas he had written. She was familiar with the affair of the heart from which he suffered and knew the girl, who has since become prominent in the literary world Seaman had poured out his heart in the

"Two when the autumn has put on its glory, Sit by the shores of the beautiful past, Whose solemn waves break with a wonderfu

little poem he called "Two." A verse of

Of fanciful ships that went down in the bour for just such a song as this broken-hearted man needed. All the sen- | girl to be found in Indianapolis.

TALENTED woman, the wife of a | timent that was in her came to her lips once well-known Indiana lawyer and the woman gave voice to music that and Democratic politician, is liv- was solace to this wounded heart. To the ing quietly amid comfortable sur- man, who, with bowed head, cried softly

> COMPLIMENTED BY HUSBAND. A short time before the fatal illness of posing the words to a song which she called "Afraid." Her husband knew what she verses complimented her highly. His words were an inspiration to her after his death to finish the song and she found a mel-



ancholy pleasure in completing the work. A verse ran like this:

"After singing, silence, After roses, thorns; All the blackest midnights

Built on golden morns. Bitter after sweet;

Like the sudden lopping of some fond belief.

Among Mrs. McWilliams's other songs are "Lovelight" and "Starry Waves." She also wrote a little ballad entitled "What They Say About Cupid," which has never been published. The music house which was about to put it to press was burned and no effort has since been made by Mrs. McWilliams to do anything with it. A catchy verse or two of "What They Say

They say his arrows are sharp and sure, The twang of his bowstring, soft and low,

"They say the wound is a serious one,
"Twixt a pleasure and a pain.

For fear the scar will remain; will you?" Mrs. McWilliams read the words and then of her life is Miss Georgia Baker, the grandwent to the plano. It was in the twilight, I daughter, a seventeen-year-old girl, who is

AS WE PASS ALONG.

Along with other signs of general pros-

perity is noticed the fact that in the second-hand shops now, tools are scarce. When times are hard, Second-Hand of when long strikes Tools, are on, the windows and double-deck counters of shops are piled high with tools sold to buy bread. In good times, only oldfashioned tools are left on hand, and men come in daily to buy tools, for second-hand shops often keep ordinary tools, hammers, axes, shovels and saws, as the second-hand dealer calls it, "in the new." At the door of such a shop now stands a boy's ax-an old ax with a new handle plainly marked "40 cents," and yet the newsboy, after jingling the shop door to throw in the evening paper, opens the door again to say, "How much is this boy's ax?" He either

thought 40 cents was too good to be true,

or he hoped the lady behind the counter would come down on the price. All second-hand handmers sell again, it is stated, especially the claw and rivet hammer. Old cooper's tools are not very salable, as nearly all barrel work is now done by machinery. Cobbler's hammers and blacksmith's hammers are good stock. thinking that my new hat had better be Carpenter's tools and old saws of all kinds els get lively as winter comes on and coal has to be handled. Dirt-shovels and picks seem to be needed always, but secondhand spades, garden spades, lie idle in cold weather. Hatchets, old or "in the new." keep steadily coming in and going out, and ax and hatchet handles sell well. The lady behind the counter said she had a call for a ship ax the other day, and knew she had one, but couldn't find it. So the man had to go off and buy a new one at \$2.50, and the very next day the old ax turned up, marked 50 cents. Old-fashioned planes, hollow planes and beading planes, owing to machinery, are dead stock nowadays, but ordinary planes are good sellers. Sometimes old-time tools sell as relics; an old charcoal-heating tailor's goose sold for 40 cents this week. Among small tools, two special tools are sure signs of spring: the napping hammer, or rock-breaker's hammer, and the garden trowel. When people come in to ask for these, the dealer says the backbone of the winter is broken. Second-hand garden trowels are seldom seen. as they are, curiously enough, almost never sold. Napping hammers have a sharp edge when new, but resemble an iron doughnut when old. More white men sell their tools than colored men, as white men generally have good tools, while the majority of colored laborers put up with any kind

"Here's a curious bit of book history," remarked an old book browser, taking a slip of paper from his vest pocket; "at the back of the twelfth Old Kentucky volume of an old Brit-Prestige, ish encyclopedia, pub-

of old tools that can be had.

lished in America in 1818, I found a list of names-the subscribers to the second American edition. On this list are only the States of Kentucky. Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana and Alabama Territory. Kentucky, at that early period, no doubt, was the center of Western population, emigrants from Virginia always striking out for the West through Kentucky. and then distributing themselves northward to Ohio and Indiana. Consequently, and strangely enough to modern eyes, Kentucky must then have been the great literary center of the West; her list of subscribers to the British encyclopedia numbers 1.841 names, distributed among fortytwo counties, while Ohio had but fifty subscribers, all of Cincinnati. Indiana sub- for receiving.

MRS. SUE McWILLIAMS

Dry and withered stubble After golden wheat; After green the dropping Of the shriveled leaf,

After gurgling waters, Dry, unsightly beds; After exaltation, Lowly, bowing heads."

About Cupid" follows:

But as I never have heard the sound, I cannot vouch for this; can you?

But I will never be shot at all,

Mrs. McWilliams does not go out frequently, preferring the coziness of her flat and her piano and her music to the outside world. She lives with her daughter, Mrs. Mayme C. Baker, and one of the joys one of the most perfect types of the Gibson

scribers number twenty-four; ten in Jeffersonville, eleven in New Albany and three in Corydon. The Jeffersonville names are those of Andrew Fite, William A. Beatly, John Prather, Samuel Grothmey, Edmond H. Taylor, John Jobe, R. H. Murray, Robert G. Fulton, Humphrey Webster and Charles Fuller. Andrew Briggs heads the New Albany list, followed by Joel Scribner, N. W. Crawford, A. Clapp, Lewis Young, Isaac C. Scribner, Joseph Jenkins, Charles Woodruff, John Eastburn, Nathaniel Scribner and Elliott Curtis. Jonathan Jennings, Robert A. New and Allen Thomb represent Corydon on the old encyclopedia subscrip-

"What was that I was talking about?" well, it is dreadful to be absent-minded -makes a man do such

the house on fire-I had a new hat, and I remember that it was raining hard. I re- in on to-day's old shoes." member that my wife called to me to come upstairs quick, that the house was on fire (I had lighted a cigar with a piece of paper and laid the paper down on the cor- makes me glad to sit here all week." ner of the bureau.) Then, I remember saved, so I ran and got it off the hat-rack | "Oh, she jabbered so I had to give her and put it on. As I started out the door | away. I'm an old bachelor man, and to get buckets of water to take upstairs don't like much girl talk."

and throw on the fire, I noticed the rain, and thought my new hat would be ruined if it got wet, so I dashed back and hung it on the hat-rack again. Then I remembered again that it would get burned, so I just stood there and wondered what to do next. "Mean while my wife and the boys had

put the fire out by carrying water from the bathroom, and they all said harsh things to me for not coming upstairs when they

"Oh, the absent-minded man leads a hard life, and no mistake. When I go to town, my wife generally gives me a long list of dry goods and groceries to get for her, and at the end of the list she always writes, 'and come home." "

As a general proposition, what are known as "conveniences" often usher in a long train of inconveniences, and all improvements are accompanied by drawbacks. In Bonfire. short, as for every loss

every gain there is a loss. "Indianapolis is getting wonderfully up to date, and all that," remarked a citizen who often says he is "fifty or thereabouts," "but I must confess that I sadly miss some of our old-time country-town pleasures. About this time o' year, in other dayswell, only about fifteen years ago-bonfires made of autumn leaves blazed up and down all the streets in town. I remember I used to walk all the way to my homein the dusk of evening, nearly twenty squares, just for the pleasure of the bonfires on Pennsylvania street, and on all the cross-streets. They made a delightful picture, with the flame leaping high and happy youngsters frolicking around, under parental supervision or with older brothers, heaping leaves on the bonfires. I liked the smell of the smoke, too; it was clean and fragrant, and smacked of Indian summer.

flavor; it is old Welsh, old Scotch and English, and runs back to the time of old Druid rites, when consecrated bonfires were supposed to burn all year. Hardy's novels are full of bonfire atmosphere.

"But in these days of asphalt streets, the bonfire in the heart of town as a big outdoor celebration in autumn has had its day. On the outskirts though, and on the brickpaved streets, the people still make bonfires. Women and children sweep up the leaves all day, and the whole family gets out together at night and sets the pile blazing. The other night I saw a big bonfire having a good time on an asphalt street, probably made by some unenlightened resident. No one interfered with it, and for the sake of old-times Indianapolis, I must confess that I wickedly enjoyed it."

In a general summing up of the world's share of contentment these days, it is safe to suggest that a big balance of cheerfulness may be found in what is often Mr. Wiggs of the Cobbler Shop, called "the lower

walks of life."

On the corner of a city street somewhat off the main highway, stands a tiny flatroofed frame building of one room, painted a bright dark blue, and showing, at the side of the red door, a huge, old-fashioned iron boot. On the interior the little old shop is interesting. In one corner is a highpaneled, short, old-time wooden counter; a canary in a gilt cage hangs at the front window: under the other window, on his low bench, submerged in the tools of his trade, sits the old cobbler. Behind him stands a tall cupboard full of boot and shoe lasts in pigeon-holes, and in front of him an ancient-patterned soft coal stove. A few chairs cluster on the other side of the stove, and a parrot perch is in another corner. Near the cobbler's knees, on a pole fastened to the rafters, a coal oil lamp hangs low. After a little leather transaction the customer lingered. Geniality is not such a fragrant quality, and the old cobbler fairly radiated geniality.

"Good? Oh, gracious!" said the old man, "I don't get time to stretch my legs. : could mend shoes all day and all night."

"Is your business good now?" the custom-

"Machinery can't hurt your work?" "Well. I guess not: it makes it better. Machine-made shoes wear out fast. I've got a life-long job," the cobbler answered, laughing till his eyes were shut.

"You seem to like it," said the customer. "Why not? I sit all day and work, and people come in and out to bring my work to me, and they tell me all the news. In the evening the boys come in to smoke and asked the absent-minded man. "Oh, yes; to talk. My canary sings all day, these windows give me all the light I want, my fire keeps me warm, my lamp is handy. foolish things. The last this is a good paying neighborhood, I make the New Hat. time our house was on a steady living-what more could a man fire-I'm always setting ask? I don't even have to take a newspaper. Yesterday's paper always comes

"Do you get any exercise?" "Exercise? Sunday I shut up shop and walk all day long out in the country. That "Where is your parrot?" the customer

CHAMPION WOMAN TELEGRAPHER



A New Jersey girl has gained the title of champion woman telegrapher. She is Miss Rose Feldmann, of Newark, who, when the contest was open to the world at Philadelphia, won the first prize I was working on a murder case. The pro-for receiving.

I was working on a murder case. The pro-prietor of a popular cafe in the outskirts France. A man's finger tips tell the tale."

| postmaster general; William H. Moody, once time.

Casual Comment

Thanksgiving.

For love and loss, for joy and pain, For happiness that crowns our dreams, For hopes that pass nor come again, For good that is and ill that seems,-

For all we thank Thee, God of light! Our sight is dim, our strength is small; We thank Thee that Thou leadst aright, That, following Thee, we cannot fall.

If rough the way, Thy hand hath led; If worn and weary, yet we stand Protected, helped and comforted, Kept in the hollow of Thy hand.

there is a gain, so for Dr. Benjamin Andrews is a man of high character and great ability and a brilliant writer, but, like the New Orleans Picayune's women, he

Is Our Civiliza-

lacks common sense. tion Doomed? A certain want of balance and judgment was shown years ago by the socialistic and free-silverish trend of his ideas. Now he has issued an alarmist warning that our civilization is in danger of being obscured and lost, as that of Athens was, and as the Roman civilization perished in the long night of the dark ages. He gives us this bit of hope, however, that culture did come to life again, and that its seeds will be preserved more certainly now than then, on account of the universality of books and schools. Dr. Gulliver, of Andover Seminary, had one pet aversion-"people who can't see the difference between things that differ." Dr. Andrews certainly is one "The bonfire, too, has an ancient literary of those people. The ancient civilizations went down, it is true. Assyria and Egypt had highly developed civilizations six thousand years ago, and these perished, after enduring for thousands of years.

> Athens, in the age of Pericles, achieved triumphs in sculpture, architecture and drama that have never been surpassed. But this was one little spot in the midst of comparative barbarism. It perished, but it perished because it was murdered, because war and pestilence wore out its life. Considering population and size of terri-Marion county contained at this moment the culture of the world (some people seem to have an impression that this is about the way of it.) If the city should have to fight an enemy too strong for her for thirty years, her culture would doubtless perish. Rome was overwhelmed by hundreds of years of barbarian incursions-successive attacks by a virile race, the strongest the world has known, our own Teutonic and Celtic ancestors. Now consider: there is no barbarian race of any power or virility left in the world; that our civilization could be overwhelmed by any attacks from without s impossible. Consider also that the ancient world was founded on slavery; slavery of the many was an almost necessary condition of high civilization, before steam had been taught to do the drudgery of the world. Culture and books were the prerogative of the few, when books were only known in manuscript. And Christianity, the great principle of growth and enlightenment and aspiration, was as yet

> No rule can be drawn from the experience of a civilization without freedom and equality before the law for all men, without books and newspapers and free public schools, or without Christianity, that can apply to one that has all these blessings. And, after all, the ancient civilizations were overwhelmed by the brute force of war, a calamity that could only befall now by the civilized world dividing into two nearly equal parts, engaged in a deathstruggle with each other, an awful possibility that grows less possible every year. There are greed and selfishness and disfight them. This is the thing that hath been and the thing that shall be until the final triumph of good, but Dr. Andrews has read history to little purpose if he thinks this is any worse now than in the

The thrilling story of how the man was saved who had received a current of 3,300 volts, points out something that should be more widely known than it is-that persons ap-Calling Life Back. parently dead from an

electric shock may be revived by artificial respiration, just as drowned persons are. Doubtless many precious lives have been given up without an effort, after a lightning stroke or contact with a live wire, that might have been saved if their friends had known there was such a possibility.

Even the drowned are often given up too soon, without continuing the artificial respiration long enough, and without making sufficient efforts to get them warm. It makes one's heart ache to read of a fine young man, just through college, the only son of his parents, given up after half an hour's effort to resuscitate him, when he Persons have been revived after three or four hours of effort, who would certainly have died if they had been given up sooner. As for warmth, one physician says, "Wrap the person in blankets, as soon as the lungs have been relieved of water, and the tongue pulled into position; then pour through the blankets any hot liquid you can get hold of-water, milk, soup or coffee. Then heap up blankets and quilts to keep in the heat." Doubtless every year there are homes whose light and hope go out with the laying away of some youthful figure, given up as drowned, when with heat enough and work enough, he might have been called back to life.

"I've been asked to join a Browning club," said the Botanical One. "What do they do in a Browning club?"

A Question question to the Critical

think I know. I never belonged to one?" claimed the Elegant One, "why, I should they become so salty you can't eat them." suppose you were the very person to be in

when a literature class I was in read "The she was making fun of them.

Impression.

of Paris had been found dead in bed in a FINGERS IN CRIME. French Method of Identification by and an exwaiter named Berruggi, New York Commercial Advertiser. "No characteristics of the human body are so distinctive as the tips or bulbs of the fingers," said a detective connected with a private agency in this city, who for some years served with the Paris police. "Impressions of the finger tips are taken with the help of a sheet of white paper spread over with common printers' ink, and thumb was taken, and line for line it talso extraordinarily do they differ in different individuals that the chances of two finger

"When I was on the Paris police force himself off as a first offender in this coun-

Ring and the Book" one summer, after the class had adjourned for the summer vacation, and while the leader was out of town -a case of 'when the cat's away,' you see. We had a delightful time over it, too-no trouble with iregular attendance. Everybody was there every Wednesday afternoon. Somehow, the imperative reasons for absence that so often arise, seemed to be in abeyance. I suppose there were no more than three or four women out of the dozen that ever would have read it by themselves, but they all enjoyed equally the splendor of the poetry, the rich impassioned humanness of the people, the wonderful effect of the changing point of view, when we read it together. We didn't finish it, though. October came too soon, our leader came back, and she thought we ought 'to work,' instead of merely read-

"But I'm sure I've heard of a wonderful paper that you wrote on the plan of 'Dramatis Personae,' " persisted the Elegant One. "I thought that was for a Browning club."

"Oh, that-yes, I did read a paper on that once, but it was not before a Browning society-just our old 'Conversational Club:' I've always felt half ashamed of it, too, as if it were an impertinence, applying arithmetic to a sunset, as one might say. But the plan, the methodical arrangement, seemed to be there, when I looked for it.

"You know what Browning says in the preface to the selection of his shorter poems, that by simply stringing together certain pieces on the thread of an imaginary personality, he presents them in succussion as the natural development of a particular experience. Well, that is beyond me-I can't make out the imaginary personality nor the particular experience. But the remark set me to thinking of that collection of poems he entitles 'Dramatis Personae'-the persons of the drama of human life, of course-any one could see that, but why does the book have an epilogue, as if it were a unity, not a mere tory, it was much as if Indianapolis and haphazard collection? So I looked for a unity, a plan, and seemed to find it. You remember, perhaps, that the critics have said that the poems of this book 'seem as if scraped together' and that while some of his finest are among them, others are so displeasing that one wishes they had been omitted. But when one observes the plan. one sees that each has its necessary place and none can be spared."

> "But what is the plan?" "In brief, something like this: the dramatis personae are not merely actors caught up haphazard from the drama of life, but are carefully selected types-the actions and interests with which they have to do are the paramount facts of human life, and through them all and by their means the solution of the problems of existence is sought. The great facts of life are sin and death, love and religion; these are the four leading dramatic motives. The great question of humanity and time is-is Christianity a real revelation of God to man? Is it the final hope of the human race? This, above all others is the question Dramatis Personae considers and decides, Next to the question of the truth of Christianity, the truth most emphasized is the worth and the obligation of love.

"The book is like an Italian palace of the renaissance, and the five types of evil introduced are like horizontal black lines. emphasizing and dividing the stories of the palace. Besides these five types of evil, the poems are divided into five triads. First come the two types of evil-James Lee, the light inconstant sinner, Gold Hair, the avaricious one. The first triad followsthree poems of defeated and disappointed honesty in the world, and the world must Love. The hero of each is a true lover, as is also James Lee's wife, and the four form an ascending series, with each lover nobler, more unselfish, more utterly devoted than the preceding one. The second triad is three poems of saints, also an ascending series, culminating in St. John. Then comes the dividing black line again, a still lower form of evil, the bestial and malignant, personated by Caliban. Then a triad of Love and Death, culminating in the high triumph of Prospice. Next the fourth triad, art in different forms. Then two more black lines, Mr. Sludge, the crafty, hypocritical villain, and, not the most depraved, but the most hopeless characters, the types of despair, the suicides in the Paris Morgue. The fifth triad is the Epilogue, where David speaks the word of triumphant faith that has never dreamed of doubt. Renan voices the universal doubt and questioning of the nineteenth century. and Browning himself sums up, as the soul that faces doubt and conquers it, and believes with an unshakable faith founded on

reason. trast and interdependence I haven't touched on, but that will give you an idea of the general outline. As I said, I am alhad only been ten minutes under water. ways half ashamed of having measured anything of Browning's with a footrule. and I'd advise you to join your Browning class if they study Browning, but not if they only study things about him."

The Practical One, meanwhile, had been putting in some intricate stitches in the towel end she was ornamenting with fine drawn-work, but now she looked up and said with animation, "Well, there are only two lines of Browning's that I could ever either remember or understand, and those 'Oh! the little more and how much it is!

And the little less, and what worlds away!" The others looked at her with so much surprise and interest that she felt encouraged to go on. "Yes, that is so trueespecially with salt." "With salt!"

if there is a little less salt than there ought of Browning. One, who answered to be, you'd think it was worlds away, promptly, "I don't they taste so flat and raw. Then, if you tell the cook to put in a little more, you "What! you never belonged to one?" ex- have reason to reflect 'how much it is,' for The rest gazed at her with some suspicion, but she looked so innocent and "No; the nearest I ever came to it was serene that they are not sure yet whether

room above his place of business. His throat had been cut and his safe rifled. Among the persons suspected were the cook neither of whom was incriminated by the evidence given in the inquiry. Among the papers found in a box was a calendar. back of which were two dirty smudges. A magnifying glass showed that these were the impressions in blood of the fingers of some person's right hand. Now, in the central office of the Paris olice force is a clasified register of finger prints of criminals, and the faint marks on the back of the calendar corresponded with the thumbmarks of the exwalter. The man was arrested, the print of his lied with the thumbmarks on the calendar. No one had seen the proprietor murdered. and the court would not convict upon the less than one in sixty-four thousands of only of having stolen the dead man's propmillions. The fingers as a means of prov- erty.



Watson & Co. 136 E. Ohio St. New Phone 3822

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

What is the best disinfectant for disease germs?-F. E. M.

What is the Indian population of the United States at present?—A. W. F. About 260,000.

What amount of money was spent on the buildings and grounds of the world's fair at Its construction expenses footed up \$18,322,-

What is the idea involved in taking a dead body out of a house through the roof, as practiced by savages?-W. A. J. To confuse and bewilder the ghost so that

t cannot return. What is the population of Colombia? 2. What is the religion of the country?-M. About 4,000.000, including some 150,000 un civilized Indians. 2. The Roman Catholic

though others are tolerated.

What is the lowest temperature ever re corded?-H. W. A. Four hundred and ninety-three Fahrenheit degrees below zero. This was obtained by

Prof. James Dewar, by evaporating liquid hydrogen under reduced pressure.

Did the ancients know of the value as support of an arch?-F. L.

Yes, though some of the more ancient peo ples, the Egyptians, for example, restricted the use of arches to utilitarian and private structures, not using them at all in their temples and other buildings of monumental

state what proportion the Lake Superior district copper production bears to the production of the whole country, and (2) what proportion the latter is of the world's output?

If such statistics are obtainable, will you

For last year, 25.9 per cent. for Lake Superior, to 43.8 for Montana and 18.2 for Arizona. 2. About 54 per cent. Did Isaak Walton write other books than

the one on fishing to which reference is so often made? 2. Was he an old man when the famous book was written?-C. H. B. He wrote several biographies of much merit. 2. The first edition appeared when he was sixty years old; the fourth, con taining nearly twice as many chapters as the first, came out twenty-three years

What is Fuller's earth, and for whom with some lime. It is used largely now in and considered very valuable for cleansing or fulling cloth and wool. From this

Was not the "Iron Gate" of the Danube blasted prior to the blowing up of our own "Hell Gate?"-B.

Yes; but the removal of each obstruction was a matter covering many years and including several series of operations. The "Iron Gate" was first attacked in 1874, and Hell-Gate blasting began in 1851, but the big doings at the latter's reefs ended practically with 1885, while the Austrian channel in the Danube was not opened until

tained by government at West Point? 2. Are not the appointments made to it from West Point?-F. C. W.

No: it was removed two years ago from Willet's Point, N. Y., to the national capital. 2. Yes: and usually the assignments are from cadets who in their final examinations take very high rank. This is because the engineering branch is the most scientific one of the army service.

me in American history and give me some information about it?-A. C. T. It lasted from 1723 to 1725, and was between Indians of the Abnaki tribe and settlers of Maine and Vermont, which then were within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. A French Jesuit named Sebastian Rale stirred the savages up to the trouble, Several bloody fights occurred in Maine Rale meeting death in one of them. Th "Yes, all those things, like soup and name you give comes from the name of the oatmeal, porridge and cooked vegetables- acting Governor of Massachusetts of that time, William Dummer.

> Who was "Martyr to his umbrella," and why?-O. H. This has the sound of a prize question No such nickname is traceable, but Jonas Hanway is probably the man meant. He was an Englishman of numerous mild eccentricities, an earnest philanthropist and a prolific writer of books and pamphlets. He is said to have been the first of his countrymen to carry an umbrella in London, and to have kept up the practice for many years, despite jibes and insults by wholesale. It was of him that Dr. Johnson, stirred by Hanway's angry criticism of "The Essay on Tea," wrote: "Jonas acquired some reputation by traveling other engineer on the same run or division. abroad, but lost it all by traveling at

Please print the name of the senators of poking a long-snouted oiler under the ma-Indiana, President, Cabinet and Vice President.-Constant Reader. You can hardly be a very "constant read-

er" not to know that Charles W. Fairbanks and Albert J. Beveridge are United States other engineers. There is one thing, howsenators from Indiana and there is no Vice | ever, about which an engineer of this class President since Roosevelt succeeded McKinprints being precisely alike are somewhat capital charge. Berruggi was convicted ley after the latter's death. Cabinet officers one cause or another. He invariably wants are: John Hay, secretary of state; Leslie | that delay deducted from the total fir "In spite of the fact that we have the M. Shaw, secretary of the treasury; Wil-

secretary of the interior; James Wilsonsecretary of agriculture; George B. Cortelyou, secretary of commerce and labor.

How is sugar made from corn? 2. How does it compare with ordinary table sugar in sweetness? 3. Is the stuff fit for human

The grain is treated for several days

with water in which is a little sulphuric acid. Then it is ground and put in a mixture of water and starch, on which the lighter portions of the grain float, the heavier sinking. The latter are then ground fine, and the starch is separated by washin closed vessels at a pressure of several atmospheres. The acid first produces maltose and dextrine, then changes them into glucose, whose acid is neutralized and finally filtered and concentrated. 2. It has half to three-fifths the other's sweetening power. 3. It should be if properly made. Its poor reputation lies chiefly in the fact that it has been substituted much for

Where is the George Junior Republic, and what is it for?-P.

sweeter sugars, and been much employed

as a diluter.

It is near Freeville, N. Y., and is meant to give neglected, careless or unfortunate children a chance to equip themselves for future well being. It grew out of an experiment W. R. George had carried on for several years in taking every year from 100 to 300 children of city slums to his home for their vacation. The community is a republic in miniature, with constitution shaped after that of the United States. At first adults held all the higher offices. but for several years the children have filled them, Mr. George retaining the veto power. Each citizen must work or starve. He may work for the founder or for some citizen contractor. He is paid in the republic's aluminum coinage, which later is redeemed in cash or supplies, to be taken home. Opportunity for schooling and for learning a trade is given.

Will you give me an idea of the nature of a spider's web, and of the methods the insect follows in shaping one?-A. W. H. The thread of the web is formed as a fluid in various glands of the body, and hardens as it reaches the air. It really is a cable formed of several smaller strands. Observers of spiders credit them with as much variety in webs as there is in nests of birds. But taking the common garden spider's mesh as illustration, the insect An earth looking much like clay, com- begins by laying "foundation lines." These posed largely of silica, alumina and water, are the outermost ones at which the radif of the completed web end. Sometimes these filtering oils, the earth taking up the oil's are located by the direct working of the impurities. Formerly it was used much spider, and again they are left fly wherever the air currents take them. Next the radii are laid. Then the weaver makes, old use, not for some man named Fuller, from the center outward, a wide-meshed spiral. Finally, by working from the circumeference toward the center, this spiral is destroyed and replaced with the finer one that is to entangle prey.

SILENT AT THROTTLE

Engineers While on Duty Look Straight Ahead and Say Nothing.

Chicago Tribune. Of the men who sit in the cab of a locomotive and turn the machine loose in Is the school for army engineers main- they are the most modest individuals of the human family.

This is a fact said to be clearly shown

by a talk with any of the Chicago engine

drivers who have any such record. It is evidenced not so much from what they say when questioned as from what they do not and cannot be induced to say,

For not two men in a dozen of fast runners are given to talking about what they have accomplished. Much less are they Can you !dentify "Dummer's War" for inclined to pass any opinion of the capabilities of any other engine driver.

Take it all in all, the men who ride the iron horse in races that are appalling are the oddest characters in the jumpers of a mechanic. A short time ago a special train was chartered to make a fast run down the country. The engineer, in taking coal at a station, was delayed by the coal chute apron becoming unmanageable. The man who sat in the cab ahead was as cool as an iceberg, but no sooner had the apron been hoisted out of the way than he opened up the valve and began a race that for speed and smoothness was one of a

"Arriving at our destination," said the conductor who had charge of the train. "the engineer found awaiting him a telegram from the general superintendent of the road, who paid him the highest compliment that any official could extend to an employe. The man read the telegram and shoved it into the pocket of his blouse without a change of countenance. No one, from looking under the peak of his cap, ould tell what sort of a feeling had been awakened, even if it affected him at all." A fast runner, being approached by an outsider who wants to know something about the life of an engineer, will invariably be asked to see so and so, who is an-"He's a mighty good engineer, and can tell you more of what you want to know than I can," and then he goes about his puffing steed feeling for hot places and chinery. It is ten to one that the other man will get out of it in the same way.

Few engineers who have been found out of fast runners will make any comparisons of any kind of their runs with those of is "touchy." Suppose he has made a fast

ing identity are used by the police through- Bertillion system and the rouges' gallery. Hand H. Taft, secretary of war; Philander runs an engine the longer he wants to. He it is yet too easy for a criminal to pass C. Knox, at orney general; Henry C. Payne, is in love with his dangerous calling, and he is a veritable duck out of water